THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER, LXXVIII, *To be continued every Saturday,*
DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

SATURDAY, July 13, 1776, Price Two-pence Half-penny.

-----Neque amiſſos Colores
Lana refert medicata fuco ;
Nec vera Virtus, cum ſemel occidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus. HOR.

Nor *Place*, nor *Title*, nor *Corruption's* lore,
Nor *George's* ſmile, nor *Sharpe* can reſtore.
No change of *Name* can wipe out *Minden's* ſtain ;
The blaſted *Sackville's* blotch ſtill marks *Germaine*.

For the CRISIS.

To Lord GEORGE GERMAINE,

My Lord,

HE profound reſpect I bear to the memory of your illuſtrious father, the late *Lionell* duke of *Dorſet*, whoſe uſeful life was ſhortened by the blaſt he received from MINDEN, prompts me though late, to cougratulate your lordſhip, (before I proceed further) as well upon your change of *name* as ſtation; I am rejoiced to find that you remain no longer a diſgraceful *memento* to the *Dorſet* family, under the once unblemiſhed name of *Saekville*, I might have ſnatched an earlier opportunity, but I thought it beneath a man to wound an object on the ground ; your late

late abject ſtate (unfeathered and unnoticed) debaſed you beneath the cenſure of the moſt obſcure pen, but your lordſhip is now riſing rapidly into meridian luſtre. Our diſcerning *monarch* has deigned to furbiſh up your long tarniſhed *honour*, by raiſing you to a height where your *merits* muſt become fatally conſpicuous; ſo wiſe a prince well knew that an exceſs of wiſdom and *valour* rarely meets, in your lordſhip they are moſt happily united.

In ſpite of all the convincing teſtimony of a great General, and many brave officers unſullied in point of honour, in ſpite of the deteſtation and reſentment of your late good and gallant ſovereign; your lordſhip has ſprung up upon wings of merit, from the loweſt pit of infamy, to the very pinnacle of all earthly happineſs; from the contempt of the meaneſt ſubject, into the boſom of the moſt pious, wiſe, and courageous *monarch* in the univerſe. Your lordſhip (whilſt a *Sackville*) had unfortunately ſunk beneath the *chaſtiſement* of a *Ferdinand*, that prince conſigned you and your ſaucy *challenge*, with the utmoſt ſcorn, to the *cane* of his *domeſtic*, but you are now become *Germaine*, a miniſter, a councellor, a favourite, and one of the *ſaviours* of this unhappy kingdom, *deaf*, *baſhful*, and ſlow of apprehenſion, as you was at *Minden*; you are now become quick, confident and intelligent, no order, hint, nor *whiſper* can eſcape you. With open ears, ſteady execution, and clear conception, you are now become alert in obedience, and dextrous even in gueſſing at the pleaſure of your *maſters*. *Bute's* beck, *Mansfield's* eye, and *George's* lowering frown, are now intelligible and explicit.

In the latitude of *St. James's*, your lordſhip can underſtand even *ſigns* and *geſtures*. In the latitude of *Minden*, repeated *orders*, in the cleareſt terms were wholly *unintelligible*; for the future ſervice of your country, you nobly conſulted the ſafety of your perſon in the *field*, that you might one day figure in the *cabinet*, dead to every ſenſe of honour and of ſhame in *Germany*, your lodſhip now lives to plan the ruin of *America*, in an *office* of the greateſt importance to this kingdom.

Your lordſhip's great experience in the art of war, may well give a ſanction to all your ſchemes as a politician. What hand ſo fit to draw a plan of military operations againſt injured and oppreſſed ſubjects as that which forced the lines of a *foreign enemy* with ſuch vigour and intrepidity? What *head* ſo proper to defeat the patriotic ſpirits of a *Waſhington* or a *Putnam*, as that which was puzzled by a plain *order* from Prince *Ferdinand*, no leſs than three times delivered in the moſt diſtinct terms? At whoſe name will the glorious leaders of true *revolutional reſiſtance* in *America*, ſo ſoon turn pale, as at his (the great *Germaine's*) whoſe lips quivered with fear, on receiving a command to charge on a daſtardly enemy, juſt on the brink of flight? But how can your lordſhip adviſe and plan an *Engliſh maſſacre* in the *cabinet*, who dared not aſſiſt the completion of an *Engliſh victory* in the *field*? How can you

ſupport

ſupport and contrive *miniſterial tyranny*, without a bluſh? you, my lord, who could not join a *Britiſh conqueſt*, without a *panic*? for ſhame my lord, give up the perſecution of *America*. Methinks, your hands ſhould tremble more in planning ſchemes of national ſlaughter in *America* than it did when you attempted to draw your reluctant ſword upon the plains of *Minden*, was your lordſhips heart chilled with fear in the cauſe of *honour*, and does it beat high now in the cauſe of *aſſaſſination*? was you *once* afraid to partake of *glory*, and do you now dare to imbrue your hands in *murder*? were you timid in a juſt war, that you might reſerve yourſelf for *deſpotic butchery*? will you, who *induſtriouſly* declined the gallant orders of your General, ſtain, once more, the honour of your family by enforcing the bloody inſtructions of a *tyrant*, or a ſet of *tyrants*?

Permit me to remind your lordſhip with what compaſſion your own deplorable caſe was treated by your late humane *ſovereign*, your lordſhip had the effrontry and folly to add the character of *bravo* to that of *coward*, you raſhly demanded a *court martial* more than once, you repeated, you inſiſted, perſiſted, and at laſt prevailed----Your noble father felt for the diſgrace his timerous ſon had brought upon the name of *Sackvile*, he knew your guilt, was convinced that your daſtardly behaviour deſerved *death*, and trembled leſt the *court marſhal* ſhould obſerve a Roman ſtrictneſs in their ſentence; over whelmed with grief, he implored the lenity of his late *majeſty*, who, with his wonted goodneſs of heart, dropped a ſympathetic tear; but juſtly determined that *death* ſhould, at all events, be the portion of a *coward*, if your lordſhip was pronounced ſo.---I will not ſay that the *court marſhal* were partial, my lord, but I will ſay that they were very, very kind; I will ſay that they felt more for a noble family then for you, they pronounced you *baſhful* at Minden.

This verdict, my lord, has left ſuch a ſtain upon you as none but *yourſelf* would ſurvive.---you was *broke*, diſhonoured, and diſpiſed.---you tried but in vain to make yourſelf popular, by a kind of half-faced temporary *oppoſition*; but the patriotic party diſdained ſuch an aſſociate, and even the *miniſtry* kept a looſ, till neceſſity obliged them to put their truſſ in numbers, and to enliſt men into their ſervice of the worſt principles. Your father, my lord, was a *whig*, and ſerved a prince whoſe principles were truly *revolutional*, who deteſted *hypocriſy* and *tyranny*, and deſerved to have been *immortal* on the throne of *England*. In ſuch a reign, your lordſhips uſeful talents muſt ever have reſted unemployed; your late *ſovereign* had ſeen actual ſervice as a *ſoldier*, he was truly brave, his ſoul diſdained a *coward*; had your lordſkip by any miſtake, gained a ſeat at the council board, in *his* reign he would have done you the honour to have ſtruck your hateful name out with his own hand, that good prince would not have ſat with ſmiling patience, in his cloſet, whilſt your lordſhip had laid *military traps* before him for the deſtruction of his wronged, irritated and repulſed *ſubjects* in *America*.

You

You ſhould have ſhewn hourſelf a *ſoldier* in a better cauſe, my lord, but you are ſtill actuated by the ſame principles which poſſeſſed your ſoul at *Minden*---FEAR.---There you feared *death*, and here you fear *obſcurity*, your lordſhip has *vanity*, but you cannot be ſaid to have *ambition*; the firſt you ſhare in common with the loweſt clerk in your office; the latter cannot be gratified in ſuch an *office* and ſuch a reign, under ſuch an *adminiſtration*, and by ſuch talents as your lordſhip is poſſeſſed of. The wretch who can temporize in *politics*, will want honour in the *cabinet*, integrity in *office*, virtue in the *ſenate*, and fortitude in the *field*, yet no other men than ſuch can *ſafely* be employed at preſent. Among theſe your lordſhip ſtands conſpicuouſly branded with the opinion of all mankind.

You are now raiſed to an happy eminence, from whence you look down with indifference and contempt upon all worldly cenſure; the gracious eye of *majeſty* has healed your wounded honour, and brought you once more into favour with yourſelf, your mental faculties begin to brighten up, and now your lordſhip, who was once at a loſs to comprehend the cleareſt inſtructions, as a *ſoldier*, can pen the bloodieſt, as an *agent* of *tyranny*, *ambition*, *rapacity* and *revenge*; at at happy diſtance from all danger, your lordſhip, in your official capacity, conveys, commands, you dare not *execute*. Upon *paper* your hand is ſteady, in the *field* it ſhakes. Were the brave *Colonel Sloper* now to ſee your lordſhip brandiſhing your ſervile gooſe quill at *Whitehall*, he muſt admire your alacrity, your adroitneſs, your martial air, your ſteady perſeverance, and the placid compoſure of your viſage, he would view you with aſtoniſhment, planning ſchemes of carnage upon paper, without a *change of features*, even you, my lord, whoſe *pale cheeks* and *quivering lips* denoted what you was, (and what you ſtill are) at *Minden*. That *Colonel Sloper*, my lord, ſaw a noble contraſt to your lordſhip in the gallant *Granby*; the bare mention of his name, turns your lordſhip pale again, it is with envy, or deteſtation, of ſo much virtue? moſt probably the latter.

Whilſt that brave nobleman ſurvived, your patron *Bute* would not venture to raiſe your lordſhip from the ground, where the juſtice of your late *ſovereign* at his lamented death had left you. The *Thane* was given to underſtand that the noble *marquis* would have looked upon ſuch an elevation of your lordſhip, whilſt he was at the head of our *army*, as an inſult, as an indignity, which he could not brook, he looked upon your lordſhip as a *deſerter*, as a diſgrace to every adminiſtration, every government, to this nation, and to the very name of a *ſoldier*, he induſtriouſly avaided the very air your lordſhip breathed in. Beloved, adored as he was by the whole army, even your godlike *Thane* did not dare to give him reaſon for *offence*; thus your lordſhips intrinſic merit laid ſmothered for a while; you had otherwiſe, mourned long ago among the number of thoſe *faithful ſervants of the crown*, whom the *king* delights to honour, and whom the nation moſt deteſts.

Your

Your lordſhip is, at laſt, advanced; tho' late, yet alas! too early for your country. Had you either periſhed, or preſerved your honour upon the plains of *Minden*, your memory would have been dear, or your life uſeful, to *Great Britain*, but, my lord, the better half of you is now dead, and that which ſurvives, is dedicated to the worſt of ſervices, the deſigns of a corrupt and abandoned *miniſtry*; a profligate, revengeful, ſtupid, and ambitious *tyrant*, and the ruin of your country. I ſhudder my lord when I add that your lordſhip, with the heart of a *deer*, and the effrontery of a *dog*, (theſe expreſſions are *Homerical*) is now laying military *plans* for the deſtruction of the moſt valuable part of the empire of Great Britain in *America*; yet, who fo proper to project a *maſſacre* of *brave ſubjects*, as the pallid wretch who did not dare to ſpur his horſe, or uſe his ſword at MINDEN?

Before I take my leave of your lordſhip, as the preſent fabricator of all our military atchievements in *America*, ſuffer me to congratulate you upon your *maſters* late ſucceſs in raiſing recruits, againſt *conſcience*, againſt *revolutional reſiſtance* againſt every *principle* which advanced his family to the throne of theſe kingdoms; your lordſhip may now with the greateſt confidence, feed the hopes of your *deſpotic baby*, with the aſſurance of future victories in *America*; you may boldly ſketch out deciſive battles upon *paper*; for your lordſhip now can produce *men*, juſt half a degree better than *Lord Barrington's paepr-men*, to fight thereon.

I have lately ſeen, with the greateſt pity, ſome ſcores of theſe military *ſhadows*, the formidable *bull calves*, conducted with drum and fife, in a ſtate of intoxication, from a certain country town, immediately to the water ſide, to be from thence wafted, in privacy to tenders which lay ready to receive them, on board theſe, and in their paſſage over, they are taught the uſe of *arms*, that is to know the *muzzle* from the *but-end* of the muſquet. The poor boys (for mere *boys* they are) deſtined thus as *food for powder*, moſt of whom have hardly reached their *teens*, are, indeed, figures too ſlender to be marched up to *London*, too laughable to be ſeen by day light; they are therefore conveyed away, as faſt as they are *kid-napped*, before the firſt crowing of the cock.

This, my lord, is a pregnant inſtance of the great alacrity with which Engliſh-*men* take up arms againſt their *injured fellow ſubjects*, when mere children are eagerly tranſported to intimidate *America* by dint of numbers; they are mere pegs to hang red coats upon, they are, my lord, likely to be of juſt as much real ſervice in the battle as your lordſhip was at MINDEN.

I am ſenſible that your lordſhips promotion (like the waters of *Lethe*) has waſhed away all remembrance of your former ſelf, when *Sackville*, you

you will therefore call me libeller; if you can find a ſingle man of *real honour* who will pledge himſelf (as *proxy* for your lordſhip) that I ſhall be proſecuted as a *libeller* in the court of *common pleas*; I will immediately diſcover who I am, ſo much do I long to hear the doctrine of *libels* diſcuſſed by the very candid *chief juſtice* of that court; who in the late caſe of *Sayer* againſt *Lord Rochford*, has out ſhone all his predeceſſors upon the doctrine of *treaſons*; the upright *court judges* of *James the ſecond*, were fools to him. With the *ſtatute* of *treaſons* ſtaring him in the face, he has *dared*, even in theſe enlightened days, and in this *mild and pious* reign, (even in the life time of a *Camden*) to give an opinion, in the very teeth of that ſtatute, and of the ſtatute of *king William*. Had *Hales*, *Holt*, or that friend to the *revolution* and the *truth*, the late learned and venerable *Foſter*, heard him thy muſt have fainted.

This is the man, my lord, who will pour *jeſuitical balm*, into the wounds of all your *tory* party, who ſhall be ſtabbed by *wiggiſh* libellers. To this conſolation, the only one (beſides *court ſun ſhine*, and your pay) which a man in your lordſhips circumſtances can receive in this life, I now leave you, with all the honeſt contempt of an *Engliſhman*, who wiſhes you had fallen bravely, in the ſervice of a *good* king, and a *better* cauſe, upon the plains of *Minden*.

CASCA.

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